Refuge

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Refuge

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Summary

Will meets One-Eye and the boy who folllowed him to freedom when they find refuge in his barn. They have a quiet life in Wolf Trap, living with Will in his little farmhouse, taking care of each other. Will meets Hannibal two years later, and Hannibal realizes he has found so many things he has been looking for, right there in Wolf Trap.

Inspired by What's Odin's to Keep by Rosebutt.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Inspired by What's Odin's to Keep by Rosebutt

In the Barn

Prologue: In the Barn

Will had known something or someone was in his barn, taking shelter from the spring rain that had come through the area. The dogs had been staring at the barn for days. Occasionally they would let out a soft bark or sniff around the walls of the barn when Will had them outside. They had never randomly done that before aside from when there were raccoons or possums nursing their young.

So Will's curiosity finally got the better of him and he gathered his shotgun and walked out to the barn. He didn't know if there was an animal there but he didn't want to come across a bear or a wolf without some kind of protection.

Upon entering the barn, he did not see any animals or any evidence of an animal. But he did see the remnants of the loaf of bread that he knew was on his counter that morning. And cheese wrappers. A couple of empty soda bottles. Someone was staying here and sneaking into his house when he wasn't home.

Will went back to the house and sat down. It was a cool night, a cold front had moved in with the rain. It was supposed to be in the 40's that night. Whoever was out there, if they were still around, they would be cold. He made a decision and went to his linen closet and took out a few blankets and some old throw pillows. He didn't know who was there, if it was just some kid or a squatter or who it was, but if they were sleeping in his barn, he wanted them to be warm. He also grabbed a few bottles of water from the refrigerator.

Will made sure to make noise when he left the house, announcing to the darkness that he was coming back to the barn. He wanted to give the person hiding out a chance to hide from him. There was an old cot in the barn from the previous owners. It was dirty, but it would have to be better than sleeping on the cold ground. He found it in the corner and quickly set it up and placed the blankets and pillows on top.

"I'm not going to hurt you. It's going to be cold tonight so I brought out some blankets. I'll leave the door open tomorrow when I leave so you can go get some more food. Or you can come in while I'm here. Just don't rob me. That won't work out so well for you." He felt silly addressing the barn, which to any casual observer would appear unoccupied aside from a small pile of trash. But he could just make out the faintest sound of someone breathing, it sounded like the breath of a small child who was trying to stay calm.

He exited the barn, leaving a lantern behind so his guest could have some light. Will had an early day ahead of him and he needed to go on to bed for the night.

Two Years Later

Two Years Later

The sound of someone chopping wood woke the boy from his slumber. He sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes, stretched his back. He still sometimes forgot where he was in the morning. But then he remembered - he was safe. He was warm. He was clean. He was called Alex. One-Eye saved him, and then Will saved them both.

The boy came downstairs for breakfast on that Saturday morning and was surprised to see a stranger in the kitchen with Will. The stranger smiled kindly at him from his seat at the kitchen table.

"Where is One-Eye?" The boy did not like strangers. One-Eye would be upset that someone was here. He was protective of the boy and if he sensed any danger, he would not hesitate to kill the man.

"Good morning, Alex. This is my friend Hannibal. Hannibal, this is the caretaker's son, Alex."

The stranger continued to watch the boy with an unreadable expression. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Alex. Is One-Eye your father?"

The boy nodded and sat down to eat. He could smell the bacon and he was hungry. Bacon was one of the first things Will had fed them when he first found the boy and One-Eye. It was too easy to convince them to stay with Will after he had shown them that he wouldn't hurt them.

Will had protected them and got papers for them allowing them to stay together. The boy did not need to know the ugly truths about the legality of it all. The names used were false and the documents forged. But it gave One-Eye sole authority over the boy and allowed the boy to go to school for the first time and be a kid. Make friends his own age and not be faced with the burden of worrying about his own survival from minute to minute.

The falsified papers also kept whoever had hurt them from finding them again.

The boy wouldn't speak to Will about his past with One-Eye or anything else from before Will found them. And One-Eye was mute. Will did not know if it was by choice or psychological or if his previous captors had done something to him. The boy had only said One-Eye had been that way since he met him.

Even still, Will took in the unlikely pair. One-Eye was strong, a fighter, a fierce warrior. He reminded Will of a Navy Seal or a mercenary. Like a cross between Rambo and Nick Fury. Even with only one eye, hence the name the boy had given him, he watched everything around him. He had an otherworldly vision, even more powerful than Will's empathy.

Their ages were impossible to tell, but Will estimated that One-Eye was roughly a few years older than himself. The boy was about ten. On paper, One-Eye's name was Dom. Will had no idea if this was really his name, but One-Eye was adamant that this is what he was to be called. In fact, the only time he had communicated with Will aside from a look or a nod of his head was to write three letters on a piece of paper - Dom.

"Dom is out in the barn. He'll be in soon. Hannibal and I are heading out to the farmer's market. Do you want to come?" The boy shook his head while he ate. He didn't like crowds. School was bad enough.

Hannibal ate his own breakfast while watching the boy. "I understand that English is not your first language. Where are you from originally?"

The boy shrugged, a habit he had picked up from the children at school, "Don't know. Don't remember." He kept eating. Will had been relieved that the pair were not picky eaters, though he supposed when you're half starved, you learn not to be particular.

Hannibal nodded, not offended by the terse answer. He was a psychiatrist, he knew that people experienced traumas and could be greatly affected by them. Especially children. Will had alluded that there was a tragic history with his caretaker and his son. That they were both troubled souls, in mind and body, but that he would never dream of turning them out.

The caretaker did wonders around the house and the farm. He maintained a substantial garden and, even though Will was uncertain of his ability to read English, he was able to handle just about any problem that arose on Will's small farm, from engine trouble to irrigation of the garden to tending to electrical work. It was certainly a load off of Will's mind to have those things taken care of.

And Will was more than happy to supply the pair with anything they needed - food, clothes, a place to live. They were welcome to stay as long they wanted or they could leave when they wanted. Will had set up a bank account for One-Eye and one for the boy as well. Luckily, Will had come into an inheritance from a distant relative who hadn't had any of their own children, so he was not lacking for money. A feeling he was still not quite used to after having next to nothing as a child.

The back door opened and Will turned to see One-Eye come in. He regarded the stranger with his usual curious look, then washed his hands in the kitchen sink. Will had noticed that he didn't mind getting his hands dirty, but he would clean himself as soon as he could. He and the boy both liked to be clean.

"Dom, this is Hannibal. He is a friend from work." The caretaker nodded in acknowledgement. The boy stood and retrieved a plate of food for One-Eye. While Hannibal watched the display with amusement, Will no longer questioned the strange practice. They did it at every meal. He didn't know if it was some ritual or if One-Eye just expected the kid to serve him or what the deal was. It was something the boy wouldn't explain. He had only said that he always brought One-Eye his food.

Hannibal had gone strangely quiet when One-Eye sat down at the table. Will had wondered if One-Eye's appearance would be off putting to the doctor and he had tried to warn him

beforehand but the doctor had waved him off, saying he had seen many things during his time as a surgeon.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Dom. Will tells me you've done great things around the farm." One-Eye raised his glance to the stranger but continued to eat.

The boy watched the interaction with interest. Until One-Eye had come in from the barn, he had not realized the stranger looked so much like his protector. They had similar hair, similar jawlines. Even their stubble looked the same. They sat in their chairs with the same air of indifference. Their eyes had the same burning curiosity in them. The wariness. The danger.

The boy was the most attuned to One-Eye's moods and thoughts, he knew that One-Eye was thinking hard about something. The boy sensed danger coming. If Will felt it, he did not act on it. Alex met One-Eye's stare but went back to his breakfast when he simply blinked at the boy and gave him a rare smirk. The boy was relieved. Whatever One-Eye saw in the man, he didn't see the stranger as a threat. At least not today.

The rest of breakfast continued as Will and Hannibal made light conversation about the dogs and the different vegetables they wanted to find at the farmer's market. One-Eye's garden was vast but it didn't hold certain vegetables that Hannibal wanted for his planned dinner party he was holding the next evening. And he wanted everything to be perfect for his special guest.

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Hannibal returned home that evening and contemplated what he had seen that day. The man, One-Eye (or Dom, as Will called him), reminded him of his father. A harsh man with a fighting spirit. But at other times, the gentlest of men with his children and his wife.

One-Eye was not a tender man. Anyone could plainly see that, but he held a certain affinity to the young boy in his charge. Hannibal knew the boy was not really his son. Will had not said as much and the boy certainly did not dispute it, but Hannibal saw no resemblance in the two aside from a fierce desire to survive.

Still, the pair had a unique relationship. The boy seemed, if not subservient, perhaps wary of the man. Aware of what he could do, the darkness in the man's eyes. The willingness to take what he deserved, what he needed. To do what needed to be done to survive.

For the first time in several decades, Hannibal opened his safe to find a picture he had not looked upon for many years. A picture from happier times. A young family in Lithuania: mother, father, and three smiling children. Two boys and a girl. The only difference in the two boys was the eye patch worn by the boy on the left. Dominick had had an accident at the age of three and lost his eye but was otherwise a healthy boy.

Sadly, their sister died very young and his brother had been lost to him after Hannibal had left the orphanage. Dominick had refused to leave. He thought it was too dangerous.

When Hannibal returned to Lithuania years later to reclaim his land and title, Dominick was nowhere to be found. He had vanished and no one knew where to even begin looking for him.

Hannibal could never have imagined that he would find his long lost brother in America, staying with a man Hannibal had met just days before through work. Where had Dominick been? Why didn't he speak? And who was the child who followed him around like a lost puppy?

Dominick Lecter

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has not seen his brother in decades. What happened?

Dominick Lecter disappeared from the orphanage shortly after his twin brother left in the dead of night. His older brother had practically begged him to come with him, but Dominick‘s dreams haunted him and he did not know what to do. His dreams showed him pain, hunger, anger. But he did not know which decision to make so that this future would not occur.

He soon realized his inaction was a grave mistake. He was abducted from the orphanage just two days after his brother had left. They must have known he was vulnerable. Hannibal was the protector, Hannibal kept him safe.

Dominick quickly learned that he needed to keep himself safe. His captors knew he was strong. They knew he could fight. THeir father had begun teaching them to defend themselves, they trained every day. Still, they were merely boys when their father died. Hannibal thought Dominick would be weak due to his missing eye, that he would be vulnerable.

Their mother had known otherwise. There was a woman in their village, an old priestess, who some said was a witch. She had tended to Dominick when he was injured and would comfort the boy through his agony as his eye socket healed. She told their mother that the boy would possess great power, great strength.

As Dominick grew, he was plagued by his visions and dreams, often not realizing what they meant. Hannibal was jealous of his brother, not because of the visions, but because their mother constantly doted on him. And she always reminded Hannibal that Dominick was special and that he needed to protect his twin brother. It was his duty. Then Mischa was born and Hannibal’s burden doubled.

When their parents died, the young children were left to fend for themselves. Food was scarce in that long winter. The cabin was too far from the castle to walk by foot, and the horses had long ago been eaten. The castle meant safety, warmth, food. But they couldn’t get there. All they had to do was make it a few more weeks until the weather turned.

But soldiers found the cabin when they too were looking for warmth and safety. And they found three small children huddled together for warmth and comfort. Hannibal spoke for his siblings when asked where their parents were. He told them they would be back soon. The soldiers knew it was a lie. They knew who owned the cabin, Count Lecter himself. They

were looking for him and the family. They knew exactly who these children were. They were ordered to eliminate them as well as the adults. No survivors.

Mischa did not leave the cabin alive. Upon realizing what had happened, Dominick killed the smallest of the soldiers with his father's hunting knife, by sheer luck when the man was not looking. Hannibal, seeing what his brother had done, attacked another soldier, pushing him face first into the fire and stabbing him for good measure.

The final soldier came in from the outside to see what the boys had done and went for his gun, only to find the boys aiming his comrades' guns straight at him. It was the last thing the man saw in this lifetime.

Once the weather broke, the boys made their way back to the castle to find that it had been seized by the government and repurposed as an orphanage. They tried to leave but someone from the village recognized them and, thinking they were doing the right thing, took the children to the castle for the nuns to look after.

They promised each other that they would never say who they were. That no one would know. But the castle had been seized weeks ago and people had seen their pictures along the walls, in paintings, all through the house. The villagers all knew the boys. There was no hiding who they were.

They lived in their own home as orphans, no longer allowed in their parents' bedroom, no longer allowed to go to the stables, no longer allowed by the lake. Things for which they never had to ask permission, they were denied. They were just like every other boy in the orphanage. Except they both knew they weren't.

So Hannibal left. He begged Dominick to go along with him, to leave this life behind to go to Paris to find Robertus. But Dominick would not leave. And they both instantly regretted it.

Connections

Chapter Summary

Dom and Hannibal reunite as brothers and Will has to figure out what that means for all of them.

Connections

The next opportunity Hannibal had to go to Will's house was a week after he initially met the caretaker and his son. He had spent those seven days thinking of every possible way Dominick could have arrived on Will's doorstep two years prior to Hannibal meeting him. But the nearly three decades they had spent apart had made it difficult to understand what had happened.

Hannibal still did not have confirmation that this man was indeed his brother. He looked like he could be his brother, he stood with the confidence of a man who knew he could handle any danger coming his way. Much like their father had.

Will's lack of knowledge of the man's origins was frustrating. He had little information regarding the man, only what the boy had told him. Will only knew that the man liked to stay busy and he would often find the man tending the garden or gathering and chopping wood.

Hannibal saw the man, Dom, chopping wood near the barn when he arrived on a Sunday afternoon. Will had agreed to go to the opera with him as a favor when his date canceled at the last minute. At least, that was the story he told to Will. He had purposely arrived early when he knew Will would not be home so that he could speak to Dom alone.

He approached the man and greeted him. Dom put down his ax and shook the proffered hand with an amused glance. "Good afternoon, Dom. I was hoping to find you here." He nearly rolled his eyes at how pathetic it sounded. Dom met his gaze and stepped back from Hannibal to remove his shirt, revealing toned muscles and scars from years of fights and beatings. Hannibal’s breath caught in his throat when he saw the particular scar he had hoped to see. A jagged line running from just under his left arm to his hip, an injury that was sustained when the boys were nine years old, just months before their parents died. When they were mischievous boys with rowdy spirits. It was the precise reason Dom removed his shirt. So that Hannibal could see that one scar and know with certainty that this is the one person he's been searching for for years.

Dom took his ax to resume his chores, knowing that Hannibal was watching him, but he was not ready for the next words Hannibal spoke. "Tell me, Dominick, have you been to Lithuania recently?" Dom's easy rhythm with the ax faltered with the question. He turned to look at the doctor. He had known this man to be his brother from the moment Will had

mentioned his name, days before he had met Will's new friend. He had wondered how long it would be for Hannibal to figure it out. Tetis had always said Dominick was the smart one after all.

Hannibal stepped closer to Dom and spoke softly to the man in his native tongue, "I cannot feel you anymore. Why have you hidden yourself from me?"

Dom dropped his ax once again, but turned toward the house. Hannibal followed closely behind in hopes that his brother would tell him what had happened. Dom started up the stairs but turned to see if Hannibal had followed. He continued and went to his bedroom.

The room was sparsely decorated. There was a dresser and a bed. A door which was presumably a closet. A small bedside table. An old recliner that had migrated up from the living room. From the table Dom found the one possession he had from his childhood - a necklace that had belonged to their mother. It was a simple chain, easily mistaken for costume jewelry but Hannibal recognized it immediately.

"This must have been difficult for you to keep for so long. It was very precious to her. I'm happy that you have it." Dom replaced the necklace in his table and took Hannibal's hand in his own, raising it to his cheek. Hannibal's eyes closed at the gesture, familiar yet nearly forgotten with time. "I have searched for you for so long. I thought you were dead."

For the first time in so many years, Hannibal felt his brother in his thoughts, could feel his emotions. Could see his Sight. They were both overwhelmed by the magnitude of the rush of emotions and thoughts flowing through them, their connection reopened after thirty years.

When Dom removed Hannibal's hand from his cheek, they were both on the floor, sweat dripping from their brows and gasping for breath. "I regretted leaving you as soon as I left. I was meant to protect you and I failed, just as I did with Mischa. I came back two days later and you were gone. I tried-" Hannibal's words trailed off.

Dom reached over to his brother's hand again but simply raised it to his lips and kissed it as Hannibal's eyes burned with unshed tears. He dropped their clasped hands down to his chest resting on his heart. Hannibal reached for Dominick's free hand and held it close to his own. The brothers sat together for several quiet moments, undisturbed aside from the occasional dog wandering into the bedroom. Will had not yet returned home from whatever errand he had so he was not present to question the unusual display between what he had thought to be two complete strangers.

When they heard a car door slamming and dogs barking, they reluctantly picked themselves up off of the floor, giving each other one last look before going downstairs to meet Will. He was thankfully distracted by the dogs when he walked in and missed the pair coming down the steps from Dom's bedroom. He set down his bag and smiled up at the pair as he shooed away the dogs.

"Hey, you guys. Sorry I took so long. There was a lot of traffic and then the store was crowded. Give me ten minutes and we can go."

Hannibal looked at Dom before clearing his throat and answering, “I actually think I would prefer to stay in tonight if you don’t mind. I know you weren’t exactly excited to go to the opera and I would rather spend the evening here with you and Dom if that’s acceptable.”

Will breathed a sigh of relief, “Absolutely. I do want to go sometime but I’m honestly exhausted. Dom, do you mind if we have company?”

Dom shook his head, still not entirely himself after the connection with Hannibal. He went to sit on the sofa and turned on the television for background noise. “Okay, it’s settled then. Hannibal, did you have dinner yet? I swear, half the time I don’t know where I’m at. I can’t remember what the plan even was for tonight.”

Hannibal turned his gaze away from Dominick to look at Will. He had forgotten the initial reason he had wanted to become close to Will - he was breathtaking. Not to mention his empathy gave Hannibal hope that he would finally find someone on this rock who could understand him. Of course, now he had finally found his brother in the most unexpected of places. Hannibal was cautiously hopeful that he could have two people who would understand. Maybe he didn’t have to be alone any longer.

“We can have dinner here. I’d love to make dinner for your family.” For my brother.

Will smiled, “I would never ask you to do that but I know you are careful about what you eat. So, I will let you do whatever you want in the kitchen, use whatever you can find in there. Can I help in some way?”

Hannibal shook his head, “I can manage, but I’d love the company. Dominick, you are welcome to join us if you’d like.”

Dom’s only reply was to turn off the television and go back outside. He still had wood to chop. “Don't mind him. It takes him a while to warm up to people. It took me about two months before I got him out of the barn and into the house when I was home. He’d come in when I was at work or out of town, but never when I was home. The kid probably would’ve come in sooner if it wasn’t for him but I made sure they had what they needed in the barn. It’s not like they were cold or hungry. Not after I found them anyway. I made sure of it.”

Hannibal nodded, careful to hide his disappointment at Dom’s departure, and walked into the kitchen with Will following behind him. “They were in the barn? What time of year was it when you found them?”

“Uh, early spring. Still kind of cold and rainy. I found them and took out some blankets and a pillow. I didn’t know there was more than one person until a few days later. That’s when I went and bought another cot for the barn. I didn’t want one of them sleeping on the ground. Luckily, it wasn't the dead of winter. It can get pretty cold out there.”

“Yes, I know. It is fortunate that they found someone compassionate to take care of them.”

“Well, I like to think we all take care of each other. We are like a family. Dom and I both raise Alex - of course, he thinks he knows everything already. He’s definitely learning how to be a regular kid from the kids at school.”

As they talked they began to look at what was available in the kitchen. Hannibal saw that it was not as sparse as he had feared, so it would be fairly easy to come up with something up to Hannibal's standards.

"You said before that the boy is around ten? He would have been quite young when he came to you."

Will nodded, "I don't really know how old either of them are but yeah, I don't think he's older than that. He was pretty malnourished when he came here so… it's really hard to say. I don't know how long he was wherever he was with Dom. It was at least two years though. He's a tough kid. They both are. There were cuff marks on both of them and plenty of scars too."

"Does your empathy allow you any insight into their pasts or their experiences?" Hannibal had heard of Will's legendary empathy and briefly seen it in action. He longed to know what the profiler saw in himself.

Will shifted uncomfortably and looked down. He didn't like to talk about his empathy and this man, while becoming a good friend, was a psychiatrist. Exactly the type of person he didn't want to tell. "I try not to do that if I can help it. Sometimes, though, as you say, it's hard to shut out. Hard to stop. But I learned a long time ago that I don't always have to say everything that I see. Most people don't like it. I'd rather not discuss it in regard to Dom and Alex. It's too much like betraying a trust."

That was not the answer Hannibal had wanted. He wanted to know about his brother. Anything. The smallest detail of his life, about his captors, about his escape from their clutches. Was it as freeing as killing their sister's murderers? Did he feel like Hannibal feels as he sheds his person suit to kill and eat the rude?

Was his brother as dangerous as he seemed? Could Dominick see the danger in Hannibal as well? He must, but he also sees his brother- the boy who clung to him during a long cold winter when they had no one else.

"I understand. I'd never expect you to tell me anything you are uncomfortable divulging."

Will was relieved that Hannibal was not upset. Perhaps disappointed, but maybe in time, Hannibal would also gain the trust of Alex and Dom. If he stayed around long enough.

"Thank you for not prying. They mean a lot to me and I'd hate to say anything to upset them. It took a long time for them to trust me."

Hannibal nodded, continuing in his task of making dinner, only looking up when Will spoke again. "Can I ask you something? And you can decline to answer of course." Hannibal raised his eyebrows expectantly. "Why did you call him Dominick earlier? Did he actually say something to you? I know he and the kid have some sort of telepathy going on but did he tell you that was his name?"

Hannibal had not realized he had slipped in calling his brother by his full name. He had never called him by any other name and after the confirmation that this man is his brother, Hannibal

unknowingly slipped into an old habit. He needed to be careful. "I think Dom should be here for this part of the conversation. Perhaps after dinner?"

"Fair enough. How much longer for dinner? I'm sure Alex is hungry. That kid is going to have a growth spurt soon. He's been eating nonstop."

"About an hour. I'll put this in the oven and it will be about 45 minutes."

Will smiled, "Good, that's perfect. I'll go let them know. Do you need anything else from me?"

"No, go on." Will left Hannibal to his cooking and to his thoughts. Hannibal was tired - from the emotional afternoon to the revelations Will had given him about his brother and the boy. He was glad he had opted to stay in instead of going to the opera. If Will noticed that he was less than put together this evening, he did not let on. Perhaps if he had been thinking more clearly, he would have noticed that the meat's white wrapping paper had not had any markings on it.

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After a quiet dinner, the three adults sat on the porch watching Will's dogs run around the yard. Alex had stayed in the house to watch television. Hannibal looked at Will who was looking at Dom. He couldn't tell what Will was looking for in his brother. Was he jealous? When Will looked at Hannibal expectantly, Hannibal took a drink of the whiskey Will had given him. He stood from his seat and leaned against the porch rail, looking out at the yard, unwilling to look at Will and his brother as he spoke.

"Will, it's quite complicated and I'm not certain I have the strength to discuss this in length tonight. The short version of the story is that Dominick and I are brothers. We were separated several years ago and I was unable to find him. He was unable to search for me until very recently when he came to you."

Will blinked, processing the information. "I had no idea. He never told me about a brother. Yeah, he doesn't talk but he communicates with the kid - he could've told me. Dom, I'm sorry if you thought I wouldn't be okay with this. I would've helped you find him." He reached out to Dom who merely looked at him and took his hand from across the small table between them. "I thought we were past having secrets. I thought you trusted me."

Hannibal turned to look at the pair sitting at the small table. Dominick watched him back even as Will watched for Dominick's reactions. "He does trust you, Will. He didn't want to lose you. He thought I wouldn't approve of whatever there is between the two of you and the boy. This unconventional little family of yours. I want to clear this up immediately: I would have accepted this in a heartbeat. I do accept this. Dominick, I've never given up hope that I would find you. I want you both to be able to trust me. Will, you have already become a dear friend to me and if that is all that ever comes of our friendship, so be it. And Dominick, I have missed you with every beat of my heart since we separated. I never should have left you. I will work ceaselessly to keep you in my life. I will not lose you again."

Will released a heavy sigh, "Hannibal, this is getting complicated… Dom and I… we…"

Hannibal put up his hand to stop Will's attempt to explain their relationship. "You do not need to explain. I will accept whatever you both want. I just want to be in your life, both of your lives, for as long as you'll have me."

Will stood and embraced Hannibal, motioning for Dom to join him. The three stood for several moments on the porch. "We'll figure this out, Hannibal. I'm not losing either of you." Hannibal smiled into Dom's shoulder as he felt Will's walls break and he felt tears soaking his shirt as Will started to silently cry into his chest, overwhelmed by the intense emotions coming from both brothers.

Hannibal met Dom's eye and smiled, "And you were worried, Dominick." Will laughed at that comment and pulled both men impossibly closer, unwilling to let either of them out of his grasp. Dom allowed it and kissed the man's curls and smiled back at his brother, happier than he can remember being in years.

Reflections

Chapter Summary

Will reflects on his relationship with Hannibal and Dom. Also, on previous incident with Alex's first tutor.

Reflections

Will was quite content with his life as it was. He had Dom and Alex in his life, a good job, and a friend or two who were parents of some kids Alex knew through school. It was a simple life but he was happy.

Dom may not speak but he had the funniest sense of humor, not unlike Will's. A bit dark, perhaps even inappropriate at times. And he threw himself into one project after another. He had quickly become proficient in reading English and would occasionally write notes to Will. Simple things like his tasks for the day or if Alex wanted something from the store.

Will could tell there was a lot of untapped potential in Dom's mind. He was smart, cunning. And a hell of a fighter. Will once saw him nearly decapitate a fox that had been killing their chickens. With his bare hands. And there was that incident with Alex’s first tutor last year.

Will had already figured out that Dom was not a man to be underestimated, but those displays convinced Will that Dom should have anything he wanted. He would never try to actively anger the man, and luckily, Will had never seen him look at Will or Alex with anything other than amusement or curiosity. He never seemed to get angry or aggressive unless they were in danger. Even then, it was more like when someone killed a spider in the bathtub. Something you have to do to get on with your day. Barely worth mentioning.

When Will met Hannibal in Agent Crawford's office, he had felt like he had known him for years. He rarely makes eye contact with someone when he first meets them but Hannibal had goaded him into it, almost dared him. The look Hannibal had given him sent chills down his spine. Like Hannibal wanted to devour him in more ways than one.

He was jealous of Hannibal's quick connection to Dom. He had no idea what it meant. It was unusual to feel so uncertain of people's motivations. He couldn't predict either of them. He felt like he was missing something that was literally staring at him in the face. He was somewhat relieved when they told him the true reason for their quick connection but it really only caused more issues.

He had a good thing with Dom. Dom was strong. He was stable. Sure, he didn't speak verbally, but they didn't need words between them. Will could see what Dom wanted and he

gave it to him. And when Will wanted the same thing, Dom never stopped him. He was, in fact, very enthusiastic. They were content to take care of each other in every way.

Will had had a few dates with men and women since Dom had been living with him but Dom had never seemed upset. Mostly amused, like he knew it wouldn't matter anyway. Like he knew that by the end of the week, they would be back together in one of their beds. And if Dom would be a bit more aggressive or more possessive after Will's attempts at dating, then it may have just encouraged Will to go on more dates.

Will didn't know what Dom would do if Will's relationship with Hannibal continued to grow the way it seemed to be. He liked the way Hannibal made him feel. It had been a long time since he felt that with someone. He liked seeing Hannibal's gentle smile when he thought Will said something clever. Or when Will just walked into a room. It was quickly hidden behind his mask, if he blinked he would miss it. But when they were alone, he let the smile linger just a second or two longer so that Will could bask in its radiance.

Will didn't want to lose what he had with Dom, but he would sacrifice it for Hannibal. He would give Hannibal the world. And Will didn’t know what to do with that realization. It was fortunate that, in the two weeks since their confession, neither brother seemed to expect Will to change his behavior with either of them, instead preferring their relationships to evolve naturally.

Now if Will could only figure out what to do if Hannibal realized that the meat in his freezer was actually long pig.

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August 2011

Dom and Will had settled into a kind of routine after living under the same roof for nearly two months. Will would go to work, Dom would stay at the house doing whatever he saw fit to do that day. The boy was in school and he had a tutor who came by in the afternoon who helped to catch him up with his reading and math.

This routine was abruptly interrupted when the 17 year old tutor tried to convince Dom to have sex with her. Dom snapped her neck when the girl straddled him as he sat in the kitchen drinking his coffee. Alex came in a moment later and saw what had happened. He had seen One-Eye kill before but it had been months since he had killed anyone. And they had never had to dispose of the body themselves.

They knew that Will was in law enforcement. Alex was worried that Will would turn in One-Eye and then he would send Alex away. But when Will came home, he ran a hand over his face and poured himself a whiskey.

He grilled Alex for hours with the story: the tutor had never made it to their house. Luckily she had forgotten her phone at her boyfriend’s house earlier that afternoon, so the police never suspected a thing was out of the ordinary when they questioned them.

Will had almost forgotten how easy it was to fool the local cops. Alex was never even questioned.

The girl's body was never found. The next weekend they built a new tool shed and Will found Alex a new tutor.

Oxygen

Chapter Summary

The morning after

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oxygen

Will and Hannibal had not at this point, been intimate. They had known each other for three weeks, been to Minnesota, watched as a father sliced his own daughters throat milliseconds before Will shot him dead. The girl was still unconscious in a hospital in Minnesota.

Last night, Hannibal confessed to him that Will's housemate was his biological brother. And Will confessed that he had sex with his housemate on a semi-regular basis. Neither seemed to know what to do with these revelations.

Will looked over at Hannibal who had opted to stay the night on Wolf Trap instead of making the journey back to Baltimore. When Hannibal raised his gaze to Will, the younger man quickly averted his stare to avoid the penetrating reddish brown orbs. They had already eaten breakfast, Dominick was in the barn, Alex had gone to school. Hannibal was due back in Baltimore soon but he couldn't bring himself to leave. There was much unspoken between the two men but neither knew where to start.

Will fidgeted with his empty coffee mug as he looked anywhere but at Hannibal. He could feel Hannibal's eyes burning a hole into the side of his face. If he turned his gaze to Hannibal, he knew he would immediately be bombarded with all those emotions, and he could hardly stand it.

"Will, I need to leave soon. We should talk about last night."

Hannibal took the mug from Will's hand and set it to the side. He took Will's hand in his own and brought it to his lips. "Please look at me, Will." Will took a deep breath, he heard the desperation in Hannibal's voice. Desperate for Will, for his attention.

"What do you want to know, Hannibal? I don't have any answers right now. I… care about you. I care about Dom. I'm not losing either of you. Whatever we have, you and I, I like it. You understand me better than I understand myself. You have taken the time to get to know me. I feel connected to you. I can't stand the thought of anything coming between us."

"I feel the same as you. I have never before wanted to know someone as much as I want to know you. You see me, Will Graham, and I see you. If you'll have me, I will do everything in

my power to make you happy and keep you happy."

Will cupped Hannibal's cheek and gave him a weak smile, "You haven't even kissed me yet and that sounds like a marriage proposal." Will closed the distance between them and their lips met for the briefest of moments, then again, harder and more desperate as they both felt the electric going through their bodies at the touch. "I'm not losing you. Dom and I… it is complicated. I don't want to lose him either, but I will end it with him if that's what you want. I'm yours, damn it, I don't know how you did it, but I want this more than anything."

Hannibal shook his head, "Dominick cares for you as much as I do. Do not turn him away. He needs you, like I need you. You are our oxygen, we cannot live without you."

Will kissed him again, unrelenting kisses, with teeth and tongue. Hannibal did not even feel the tears steaming down his face until Will pulled away, lips parted, cheeks flushed. He wiped at the tears on Hannibal's cheeks and leaned his forehead on Hannibal's. "I know you have to go soon, but don't wait so long to come back. I'll be waiting, and so will Dom. Come back to us soon."

Hannibal nodded with an undignified sniffle but he couldn't bring himself to even be embarrassed. "I'll come back tonight. I don't want to waste anymore time. Not with you or Dominick." He swallowed down a sob, he couldn't believe how thoroughly his walls had been demolished, his person suit utterly destroyed. "I cannot even stand the thought of leaving you now."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I can't imagine going to work and having to lecture, but I'm expected in an hour. I'll probably be late as it is. I'm such a mess."

Hannibal kissed him again and sighed, "I'll never stop kissing you, for as long as you'll have me. But for now, I'm afraid I must go. I'll see you tonight. I love you, Will."

"I love you, Hannibal. We're going to be okay. All of us. I promise."

Hannibal left Will to get ready to go work. He found Dominick in the barn and promised that he would see him later that evening. Dominick walked over to his brother and pulled him close so that their foreheads touched. Dominick kissed his brother's forehead and pulled back to look at him again, with a hand on his shoulder. He squeezed his shoulder, then released Hannibal to go back to the boat motor he had been tinkering with.

Once Hannibal was in his office, after a brief stop at his house, he called his own psychiatrist to see if she would be available the next afternoon. He needed to speak with her.

Chapter End Notes

I really appreciate the kudos and such! Please comment if you have any suggestions or anything you'd like to be addressed. I'm open to suggestions :)

Bedelia

Chapter Summary

Hannibal goes to see his therapist. She's jealous of his new relationship.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fifteen years after his first conversation with Bedelia Du Maurier, Hannibal was still able to make the blonde psychiatrist speechless with one sentence.

He had long ago told her of his missing brother, how he struggled to find him, how he could sometimes feel him but he didn't know if it was real or imagined. These feelings had been stronger recently but now he claims to have finally found his brother.

Bedelia was stunned. He had told her many things over the years, and she had inferred several things from his sometimes limited explanations and vague ramblings, but this is something she never expected. She thought the long lost brother was either a figment of his imagination or long dead, but today Hannibal sat across from her looking happier than he had ever seemed before. She thought she almost saw a real smile, a rare occurrence as his person suit had evolved over the years. He sat across from her, watching her expression, wondering how she would respond when she finally cleared her throat.

"Well, Hannibal, if this man is your brother, how will you proceed? Have you told him who you are?"

"He already knew before I told him. He had the advantage of knowing my full name before he even saw me. I only knew what Will called him. He calls him Dom. But this man is Dominick. I know it. I knew it before I left after first going to Will's house. At least I hoped. He had known where I was for more than a year but he never reached out. He did not know if I wanted to see him. I have ached for him for thirty years. How could he not feel the same?" Hannibal looked genuinely perplexed, like he was trying to solve time travel.

"Sometimes, we doubt ourselves and we don't know how those closest to us can possibly accept us. Maybe Dominick didn't think he was worthy of you."

"Perhaps. I told him I will accept whatever he is, whatever he has done to survive, I accept him. I have been alone for so long. I will do anything to have my family again."

"Families are complicated. Every family is different. But you will need to communicate and be honest with each other. You don't have to tell each other every dirty secret immediately, but you have to be willing to be vulnerable. It's going to take time and effort but I think this will be a good thing for you both. Does he seem happy to be reunited?"

"I believe so. He does not speak, I don't know if it is a choice or if something happened to rob him of his ability to speak. I mentioned before that I did not speak for several years after my parents' deaths. But that was something I was able to overcome. He is, however, able and willing to communicate when he chooses and his communication to me thus far has been positive."

"Spend time with him, Hannibal. Find your balance with him. I think that your presence may help him as much as he will help you. That is all the time we have for today. Would you like a drink before you leave?"

It was code for something else. It was unethical, but he would certainly never tell anyone. He loved the power he held over her and she loved it when he pulled her perfectly styled hair and pushed her down onto his cock.

"No, thank you. Not today. Will is expecting me soon. Perhaps next time."

She smiled the same demure smile she gave him the first time they spoke, just hours before he screwed her in a dusty old exam room in a deserted section of the hospital where they both worked. She walked him to the door and waved as he drove away. She was annoyed that he left without his drink. And she was pissed off at herself that she was annoyed. But she supposed he would stay less and less now that he could have drinks with Will whenever he wanted.

Chapter End Notes

I have a flashback scene written regarding their first meeting. I didn't include it because it didn't seem pertinent to the story. If anyone wants to read it, I can certainly post it also.

Thanks for the kudos and the comments! I love them!

Will and Dom

Chapter Summary

> Will and Dom have a conversation about their relationship. Will realizes he may have some jealousy of his own to deal with

A week after Hannibal revealed his and Dominick's relationship, Will and Dominick had still not discussed Hannibal's integration into their own relationship. The only thing that was certain, was that no one wanted to lose what they had or what they could have.

Will had only known Hannibal for a few weeks, but he knew Hannibal would be devastated if he lost Will or Dominick. He was less certain about Dom's feelings on the matter, but Dom was unpredictable. He hardly ever even blinked, barely ever reacted to anything. It was one of the reasons Will liked his company. Even though Will was aware of his capacity for violence, for the most part he seemed like nothing affected him. It was certainly a relief for Will's empathy. He had had more than one relationship implode from the complications that arose from seeing too much in his partner. The only emotion Dom ever showed was the occasional bit of jealousy and Will normally did not have a problem with that.

Hannibal's arrival into their lives had caused an upheaval and they were all affected. Dom suddenly had a past, a family other than Will and Alex. And Will had a new reason to get out of bed in the morning - if only just to see Hannibal smile at him and hear him talk about poetry or food or the opera.

Will's father never had a stable relationship in all the time Will had lived with him. He never had a good model for a healthy relationship with a caring partner. He was okay with that until he decided that he wanted to settle down with someone. Every time he had tried, he had failed. He couldn't let this be another failure. There was too much at stake.

It was late Saturday morning, almost noon, when Dominick came in from his greenhouse for lunch. Will was there in the kitchen, waiting for Hannibal to arrive to spend the rest of the weekend with them. Apparently he had a late appointment the night before and another that had been rescheduled for early that morning. No matter, he had called moments again to let Will know he was on the way to Wolf Trap

He watched Dom make a sandwich, and waited until he sat to begin speaking. "Are we ever going to talk about Hannibal?" Dom looked at him and blinked. "He told me not to push you away just because we're starting something but I'm not sure that's fair to you. For me to be with Hannibal but have you on the side too, or the other way around… it doesn't seem right."

Dom continued to eat, but Will knew he heard him. When he was finished eating he pushed his plate to the side and looked at Will again. He had never opened a connection with Will,

his empathy had made it mostly unnecessary. But today, Dom took Will's hand and placed it on his cheek. Dom lifted Will's chin with his other hand, directing Will to look at him. When Will looked into his eye, he was flooded with emotions that were not his own, thoughts raced through his head, and an overwhelming sense of fondness coursed through his entire being.

Will gasped when the connection broke. Dom released his hand and kissed his forehead as he stood to return to work. "That's how you feel about me? I never knew. I thought it was just about sex."

Dom had been across the kitchen but quickly walked back to Will and kneeled in front of him. He took both hands in his own and kissed them, bowing his head as if in prayer. When he lifted his gaze again Dom saw the tears in Will's eyes and shook his head fondly. He wiped away the falling drops and kissed him again.

"I had no idea, Dom." He took a shaky breath. "I'm not going to lose you. You are a part of me, you and Alex. You are my family. We're a family. Especially now with Hannibal. He's your brother and just tell me if you need something that I'm not giving you. I can't lose you. Any of you." Will kissed him again, holding his wrists as Dom cupped his cheeks.

"I don't want to even think about a day when you or Alex aren't here, out in the garden or the barn or making breakfast some Sunday morning. Waiting for me in the evening. Going to Alex's baseball games. We have a good life and I think it's about to become even better once we find our rhythm." Dom nodded, content to end the conversation with one last kiss. Will sighed into his touch but reluctantly let his hands drop from Dom's wrists.

"Hannibal should be here soon. He said something about cooking a special dinner for us." Dom stood, knees aching slightly from being on the floor for too long. He left through the back door, Will watching him as he walked back to the greenhouse. Will would have thought he was upset about something but Dom returned when Hannibal drove up with a basket full of vegetables for Hannibal to use for their dinner.

Will felt the slightest pang of jealousy run through him as he watched Hannibal speaking to Dom but he bit it back as he remembered these two are brothers, and he's not competing with either of them. Especially since they were both as desperate as himself to maintain and develop what they all had. He'd just have to be patient. They all would be.

That thought did not help the annoyance he felt when Dom took a walk with Hannibal after dinner while Will helped Alex with his homework. This may prove to be harder on himself than he thought.

Alex Does Not Like Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Alex reflects on the changes in his family. Alana comes for a visit

The doctor who looks like One-Eye is here again. He's always here now. For two weeks, whenever he isn't working the man is here, either with One-Eye or with Will. Alex sighs and leans against his window as he watches Will go out to greet him. Will and One-Eye both spend so much time with him. Time they should be spending with Alex. One month ago before the doctor started coming around, they spent a lot of time with Alex, but now they are both too busy with the doctor.

Alex hates the doctor. He is dangerous. He has a different glint in his eyes than One-Eye does. One-Eye usually is only dangerous when he marks you as a target. If you hurt what is his, or try to take it from him. The doctor has evil in his heart and his eyes constantly. Alex has his own gifts, he can See. Not the same as One-Eye or Will, but he can feel people, feel their thoughts. That's how One-Eye can speak to him, how he can speak for One-Eye.

Both of the adults want the doctor here all the time. Alex hears Will talking to him on the phone on the rare evenings that he isn't here. Alex has never heard Will talk like that to anyone. Not even the pretty brown haired woman who came by a few days ago. She was nice, One-Eye even likes her. He stares at her like he stares at Will sometimes, with a look that Alex could not decipher, but it was usually followed by Will and One-Eye going to bed together and not emerging until hours later, or even the next morning.

One-Eye really likes the doctor though. Will gets jealous when the doctor and One-Eye go off alone to talk. He tries to act like he doesn't mind, but he goes to his fishing lures and angrily threads pieces together until they come back to the house. The doctor usually comes up behind him and rubs his shoulders until Will relaxes into his hands and eventually stands to look him in the eyes with a soft look he never gives anyone. Alex does not understand any of it.

There is part of One-Eye's thoughts that he blocks off from Alex. He doesn't know how One-Eye does it, and he doesn't know how to get around it. Maybe it's ok though because Will sometimes says that their gifts can be tough. Maybe One-Eye is just protecting him from things that are just too painful. Even though Alex and One-Eye have already been through a lot together.

Alex wants the doctor to go away because ever since the doctor came around, WIll has been different. He's distracted and fidgety. He has weird nightmares and sleepwalks. He gets sweaty all the time but he keeps saying he's ok. Alex knows he isn't but Will does not listen to him. Even One-Eye is starting to worry about him and he never worries about anything.

Alex wants to hide in his bedroom all day, but he has chores to do and One-Eye will be upset if he doesn't help. He finds his boots and goes downstairs to have a quick breakfast before heading to the barn. Everyone is at the table, Will and the doctor are deep in conversation and One-Eye is reading the newspaper. Alex rolls his eyes. It's just like almost every day this week. No one looks up when he enters the kitchen until he sets a plate of food in front of One-Eye. The man nods at him in acknowledgement and sets down his paper. Alex goes to get his own food and sits down between the doctor and One-Eye. The doctor looks over at Alex but doesn't interrupt his conversation with Will. Alex tunes out the conversation and thinks about the list of chores he has to do before this afternoon. He still wants to go back to his room.

Will laughs at something the doctor says and stands up, walking around the table to ruffle Alex's hair. "Morning, kid. You ok? You slept late."

Alex swallows his food and nods, "I'm ok, just a little tired." It is six in the morning, the sun is barely up at this hour. Will and the doctor wander out of the kitchen for a few moments. "Why is he always here?"

One-Eye looks up from his own breakfast. "I don't care if Will likes him, I don't like him being here all the time." One-Eye looks toward the doorway they had just gone through. "What aren't you telling me, One-Eye?" Alex stares at One-Eye for several moments until they hear Will and the doctor returning. They are laughing again and smiling at each other. Alex wants to scream. Instead, he clears the table and quickly washes the dishes before going to the barn. He leaves the men in the kitchen to talk about who cares what.

One-Eye joins him soon to start on his own work. Alex wants to talk to One-Eye, but he can tell that One-Eye is not ready to tell him what the deal is. Like he wants to keep the secret to himself.

They do their chores in relative silence, occasionally Alex will ask him how to do something or he'll start to sing a song he heard on the radio. One-Eye doesn't mind. He sometimes even smiles if the song is funny. This is what Alex has missed having with his caregivers. He just wants their attention.

His happiness is cut short when Hannibal and Will come out to the garden where they are working to peruse the peppers. Hannibal talks to One-Eye at the other end of the garden and Alex feels a surge of jealousy go through him. He announces that he is going to take a break for lunch and goes into the house. He really just needs a break from Hannibal.

Alex emerges from the house when he sees the doctor leaving. Will is in the car with him. One-Eye stays behind. He doesn't normally leave unless he has to and usually Will handles anything that needs done off the farm. As far as Alex knows, it has been months since One-Eye left the property.

He finds One-Eye in the barn, taking a break. He sits on the floor next to his feet and leans against a leg. Not too many people would dare to be so close to the man but One-Eye simply places a gentle hand on the boy's head. He can tell the boy needs his attention.

"He scares me, One-Eye. I know he won't hurt me as long as you're around, but I'm still scared of him. He's keepin' some from Will. About what's wrong with him. I mean, he's a doctor, right? He should see there's somethin' wrong."

One-Eye gently tugs the boy up to stand eye to eye with him. The boy's gift works best with eye contact, just like Will's. Alex can see the emotions in his protector's eye more clearly than he ever had. He can see the pain, the love, the hope in his eye. Things he has never seen in One-Eye before. He knows that the man is complicated but he has never known him to have the capacity for love and hope. Is the doctor able to do this for him?

"He's special to you. You were hoping to find him for a long time. Hoping he would rescue you. You're happy he found you." One-Eye nods and rests his hand on the back of the boy's head, drawing him forward so that their foreheads touch. "I'm sorry, I didn't know. I'll try to be better. I want you to be happy, One-Eye."

One-Eye nods and releases the boy. They finish their chores for the day and head into the house for dinner. Will and Hannibal will be spending the night in Baltimore at Hannibal's house. Alex is happy that Hannibal is gone for the night and they won't be back until late the next day.

Alex is reviewing his math homework for his tutor when he hears a knock on the door. He had not heard a car pull into the driveway but he smiles when he sees who is here. Alex pushes away from the desk and goes to the door. It's the pretty lady from a few nights ago.

"Hi, Alex, is Will here? I was in the neighborhood and I thought I'd come by to check on him."

"Hi, Dr. Bloom. No, Will is staying with Hannibal tonight in Baltimore." She frowns at that news. She is obviously as thrilled with the relationship as Alex is. "Do you want to come in anyways? We're going to watch a movie when I'm done with my homework."

Alana steps into the house greeting the dogs as she removes her jacket. "I guess I can hang out for a little bit. What movie are you going to watch?"

"Star Trek. It's the new one that just came out. Dom likes it."

Alana smiles and takes a seat on the sofa while Alex goes back to his homework. "I liked the one from a couple years ago. That new Captain Kirk is pretty hot. I haven't seen this one yet." Alana looks up as she hears footsteps descending the stairs. She smiles at Dom who has just showered, and is only wearing a pair of pajama pants. "Hi, Dom. I came to see Will but I guess he isn't here. Alex invited me to watch the movie with you. That's ok, right?" Dom blinks at her but smiles, a genuine soft smile that Alex has rarely seen directed at anyone.

Dom simply goes to the kitchen and brings her a drink, strawberry lemonade, freshly made that morning. "Thanks, Dom." He sits next to her, still shirtless, and mindlessly flips through a magazine that was sitting on the coffee table. Her eyes trace his tattoos and his scars, but mostly the well defined muscles in his arms and chest. She has to swallow down the desire to run her hands all over his strong body.

“Alex, did you need any help with your homework?” She feels awkward, sitting so close to someone who doesn’t talk, who is obviously comfortable enough (or shameless enough) to sit half naked next to a woman while paying her little attention.

“No, thanks, I’m almost done.” He was nearly done when she had knocked on the door. Now, he is almost wishing he hadn’t answered the door. But he does like Dr. Bloom, a lot more than Hannibal, and he can tell that One-Eye is pleased that she is here. He is always awkward around her in ways that he never is around Will or the other woman who comes around sometimes from the FBI. And Dom always tries to sit next to her when she is around but he hardly ever looks at her the way he looks at other people. He never has a problem with staring anyone down, but he can barely stand to look at her for more than a second.

Alex knows what that means. One-Eye actually really likes Dr. Bloom. Alex can’t blame him, she is beautiful. Sometimes she is a little condescending to Will, but never to One-Eye or Alex. And she is smart and she cares about people.

Alex finishes his homework and goes to sit on the other side of One-Eye after he turns on the television to start the movie. The big bowl of popcorn in front of them goes nearly untouched. Alex falls asleep before the crew of the Enterprise reaches the Klingon homeworld. One-Eye carries him upstairs and tucks him into bed.

When he goes back downstairs, Alana sits up straighter on the sofa, nearly asleep herself, too comfortable next to the striking man and the relaxing warmth radiating from his body. Alana finds a blanket draped over the back of the sofa and pulls it across her lap, hoping to create a barrier between her and Dom, but when he comes back downstairs he sits down next to her again and pulls the blanket across both of their laps.

Alana clears her throat, “Maybe it’s time for me to go home. It’s getting late.” She makes no move to leave. Dom continues to watch the movie, not acknowledging that he had heard what she said. “Or I can stay and finish the movie with you. If you want the company, that is.” Dom looks over at her and smiles again. Alana sits back once again, getting comfortable beside Dom. He puts an arm around her shoulder and pulls her close to his side. She can smell his body wash and shampoo, his masculine scent underneath. His arms feel as strong as they look as they hold her close. She brings her feet up to get more comfortable and more fully lean against him.

“I’ll take that as you wanting me to stay,” she murmurs into his chest. His arms tighten ever so briefly around her slight frame, giving her the answer she wants.

They stay like that until the movie is over. The credits play and Alana sits up, Dom finally releases her from his grasp reluctantly. “This was nice. We should do it again soon.” She means that. There may not be conversation but he can communicate with her. And she felt safe in his arms, safer than she’s felt in years. “But it is late, I should be getting home.” Dom stands when she stands and she is suddenly so aware of how tall he is, and how broad his shoulders are. He brushes a strand of hair from her face, tracing the curve of her cheekbone with his fingertips.

“Dom, what are -” her words are cut off by a kiss, gentle at first, then more demanding as she gives into it. It has been a long time since a man has kissed her like that.

They end up in bed together, Alana whispering sweet things to him in the dark. Dom's silent, wandering hands are the only answer she receives along with his tongue and teeth. He gently thrusts into her small body treating her like glass, like she'll break if he is careless.

The morning after is not too awkward. She does not try to rationalize their actions as she drinks the coffee that Dom made while she showered. She merely winks at him on her way out, promising to text him later that day.

Alex comes downstairs later that morning, but still early enough to be dark, and he finds Dom almost smiling as he cooks breakfast. Alex is happy too, but he knows it’s for a different reason. But he doesn’t think about that now because he has breakfast to eat and chores to do before Will and Hannibal come back. Alex certainly wants to be hiding out by then.

End Notes

I came across What's Odin's to Keep a few nights ago and I wasn't sure if I could figure out a way to expand on it. I hope the OP sees this and is happy that I took off with it. I'm not entirely sure where it's going but I think it's off to a good start.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!